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IN MEMORIAM

Mary A. Salter



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Mary A. Salter

Mary A. Salter.

Born in Charlestown, Mass., December 25, 1824.

Died in Burlington, Iowa, June 12, 1893.

In a Monday-morning drive through Aspen Grove Cemetery, at a turn of the road in a new part where men were clearing the grounds, a massive oak, that had been killed by lightning the previous year, fell suddenly with a crushing blow upon the surrey in which Mr. and Mrs. Salter with two friends were riding. To Mrs. Salter the blow was fatal, her breath evanishing that instant; without a word or sigh,

“The spirit, with a bound, left its encumbering clay.”

The funeral services were conducted Thursday afternoon, June 15th, at the Congregational Church, by the Rev. Dr. Robbins, of Muscatine, Rev. Dr. E. Adams, of Waterloo, and Rev. Dr. Herron. The chants “Thy Will be Done,” and “The Lord is my Shepherd,” were sung, and the hymn:

My God, I thank Thee! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisement severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
That darkens o'er his little day.

Mrs. Lyman H. Drake, who sat in the surrey by the side of Mrs. Salter, was uninjured; Mrs. Clifford Millard, who sat by the side of Mr. Salter, escaped with a wound upon her arm: Mr. Salter received severe injuries that made him utterly helpless at the time and for a month afterward.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Thy frail and erring child must know;
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil;
 And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
 Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

The Church was decorated in every part with flowers and plants. Tea roses and white Easter lilies with smilax were arranged around the pew which Mrs. Salter had long occupied.

The honorary pall-bearers were John G. Foote, George A. Miller, John W. Gilbert, Robert Donahue, Richard Spencer, Wm. S. Berry, George Millard, William Gillies. The acting pall-bearers were Luke Palmer, Jr., Charles W. Rand, Ed. M. Nealley, Frank Millard, George W. Bershee, Samuel B. Harrington. The interment was in the Church lot in Aspen Grove Cemetery.

On the next Sunday morning the following communication was read in the Church by the Rev. Dr. Robbins:

The Pastor of this church and his children desire to express their profound appreciation of the kindness that has been shown them in their great bereavement. The solicitude, the sympathy and grief which so many within and without the church have manifested, has touched them deeply and has helped to sustain and console them.

Though the head of the family could only *hear* of the friendly offices of others, his children, who have witnessed all, will forever cherish in their hearts the memory of the gentle and devoted ministration of the ladies who came to the house; of the impressive and noble decorations which loving hands arranged in the church; of the sweet grace with which the new made grave was robbed of its gloom, and the other mounds, covering dear remains, were made beautiful; of the consoling strains of music, and of the kind words uttered by the venerable figures who came from a distance to perform the last rites for our beloved dead.

WILLIAM SALTER,
 W. MACKINTIRE SALTER AND WIFE,
 SUMNER SALTER AND WIFE,
 GEORGE B. SALTER.

Sunday Morning, June 18, 1893.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

A memorial Service of Mrs. Salter was held at the regular Thursday evening meeting, June 22nd. Mrs. Dr. George B. Little presided. Appropriate hymns were sung, prayers were offered, and a number of addresses were made, from which the following extracts are taken:

MRS. GEORGE B. LITTLE—

We gather here this evening as a broken-hearted family circle, and instead of meeting and greeting the bright cheery face and welcome of our dear Mrs. Salter, we have but the vacant chair and a sacred memory. In view of this great affliction which has befallen us and the serious loss which we as a church and individuals have sustained, it is eminently fitting and proper that we should give expression to the deep emotions and grief which fill our hearts. Intimately associated with her in the various branches of our work in the church and society, we have recognized in her an enthusiasm, a zeal and devotion permeated with the gentle spirit of the Master which fully adapted her for the leading spirit she was, to whom we could always appeal for wise counsel and hearty co-operation. She has met responsibilities and borne burdens so faithfully, has been so efficient in every station, now that God has called her away from us, we pause and say to each other in tones of tremulous apprehension. "What are we to do without her?" "Who is there to receive her mantle?" "Who will have the experience and foresight and patience to do the work she did?" Being ever zealous in good work, she labored with a devotion "born of heaven" until she carved for herself a character which has stood and will stand in beauty and symmetry an enduring monument that time cannot remove. And as we recall these cardinal virtues in her life, let us learn our lesson; let us take up the duties and obligations of life, as she would have us, in our missionary work, in our benevolent work; let us strive to do more for our Master in loving remembrance of her whom we so dearly loved and cherished. To us who can see but through a glass darkly, her tragic death seems a great mystery, but perhaps in heaven we shall be permitted to remember the way the Lord led us, and to understand the puzzling parts of his guidance and providence; and we have faith to believe that as they drove down into our beautiful cemetery, the most charming and sacred spot in our city,

"She stood in the glorious shadow
 Of the Father's house of love;
 But she saw not the shining threshold
 Where the angel watchmen move;
 She heard not their garments faintly stir,
 As they opened the golden gates for her.
 And now in the King's own palace,
 She sings to her harp of gold,
 With the seal of God on her forehead,
 In her spirit His peace untold,
 Where never a sorrowful step or cry
 Shall break on the lull of eternity."

ROBERT DONAHUE—

I have known Mrs. Salter for about thirty-eight years. Met to console each other, it is a comforting thought that a life so noble and helpful has been lived in this city. It was devoted to the cause of right and humanity, and the results cannot be effaced. The good she has done will live on and on.

It is also a comfort to think, after the first shock is over, that Mrs. Salter was translated like Enoch, in a moment. Suddenly on a beautiful morning she is carried away on the wings of angels.

MRS. MARY RITCHIE DUNN—

Since this great sorrow that seems too much to bear has come upon us—our dear friend and helper, Mrs. Salter, with whom we have walked and communed many years leaving us so suddenly and going to her other home—we feel as if her place can never be filled. We all remember sweet counsel and loving words that she was always ready to give. I especially remember the first impressions of her in my childhood days. The first time I met her made a very vivid impression. We were at a singing-class in the old church. Dr. Salter brought his wife in at the close and introduced her to some of us—Mary Kelley, Ada Buel, sister and myself. Oh, how happy we were. She kissed each one of us, and was so kind, gentle and lovely, her heart seemed to be full of love, and we from that moment loved her. She seemed to inspire a good, kindly feeling in us. She took the Sabbath school class that I was a member of. We thought there never was such a devoted teacher. I have a little book entitled "The Golden Rule," that she gave me. I have read it over and over again. Mrs. Salter's life was full of good works. She formed the Children's Sewing Society with the assistance of Miss Camp, now Mrs. Whittlesey, and Miss Bartlett, a sister of Mrs. Fitz Henry Warren. They made it very pleasant for us. We met Saturday afternoons. She also started a young ladies' prayer meeting, afterwards formed one for the younger girls, almost especially for her class. Besides these meetings for young ladies and children, she attended

the Ladies' Sewing Society, a meeting for mothers, and missionary meetings. She took a leading part in each of them. I remember a number of ladies who spent the afternoon with my mother. They were Mrs. Salter, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Buel, Mrs. Darwin Jaggar and Mrs. Mackintire, Mrs. Salter's mother. The party was given in favor of Mrs. Mackintire. The ladies brought their sewing, worked industriously and held happy converse all the afternoon. Dr. Salter, Mr. Mackintire, and Mr. Edwards came in to take tea with them. All of those dear friends who met that afternoon and had such a happy time, have left us, excepting our beloved pastor. They have met on the other shore and will be ever in the presence of our dear Saviour. During her last days instead of resting, Mrs. Salter seemed to work with more energy than ever, trying to do all she could to lead others into a higher and better life. Hers was truly a life of service.

MRS. CLARINDA L. BERRY—

What a full tide of thoughts flows through the mind in the recollections of a friendship of thirty-and-six years! What sympathies, perplexities, cares, joys and sorrows have we shared together! Descendants of the Puritans, transplanted from the same dear New England, the manners and habits and especially the principles of our forefathers were our common legacy. In Church work, and in our general work and walk in life, was cemented one of the warmest friendships. Together we have visited the sick and the needy of our number; together we have visited the afflicted and sorrowful; together we have many times folded the hands of friends for their last rest. Mrs. Salter was a woman of clear perceptions of duty, and of determination to accomplish what she undertook. Pure and high-minded in her intentions and purposes, she had no room for suspicious thoughts or harsh judgments of others, but exercised the charity that thinketh no evil. I cannot do better than quote one of her favorite hymns:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

MRS. SARAH M. WILKINSON—

Holmes has said that, "The world is divided into two classes, those who go and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why was't it done the other way." There will be none to dispute the conclusion that our friend, in whose memory we are gathered here to-night, belonged, most emphatically, to the number of those strong and purposeful individuals, who, having become persuaded in their own minds that a given course is right and best, lose no time in idle conjecture and vain longing, but go about the task, whatever it may be, confidently, cheerfully; with an activity that scarcely knows fatigue and a courage that will not recognize the possibility of failure.

This tireless energy and industry, which we remember in our friend, was joined to that invaluable quality which for want of better

words we name "executive ability," and which means a subtle power to energize, inspire and influence others in suchwise that they are moved to do the bidding and follow the leadership of the individual who conceives a plan and arranges the details of its execution.

Dominating this brave persistence in every good performance and that desire to enlist others in noble enterprise, we found in her methods a regularity, a systematic orderliness which is as rare as it is desirable. Doing everything decently and in order, was a part of her ambition to excel, an ambition which made her home-keeping a matter of careful study and scrupulous exactness, and gave the essence of superiority to every duty she performed at home or abroad.

Mrs. Salter's might be termed "A life of action and reality," yet this untiring zeal was but the demonstration, the outward expression of a love strong and deep and so wide reaching that it embraced not alone the dear inmates of her home and its representatives afar, but friends everywhere, that other home she called her church, the city of her abode, and all the world.

Her heart and hand gave quick response to every call of need. Whether near or far, any in want or trouble found a claim upon her generous pity. With delicate sympathy and fine appreciation and heartfelt earnestness she went about, doing what good lay in her way.

The echo of her kindly words will long vibrate in the memory of those who frequented the home whose doors she helped to make swing out so easily in welcome. With true hospitality she dispensed "the small sweet courtesies of life," heartily seconding and upholding every impulse of the good man whose gentle ministrations she had shared for nearly half a century.

It has been said that "a friend in need of him is the best friend a man can have," that kindly thought and service for others best promotes our own growth in nobleness of character. Perhaps it may be to this principle that Mrs. Salter owed the enlargement and development of mind and heart and soul which made her honored and beloved by a wide circle.

Her summery nature, which was a birth gift, grew and expanded into a warm, deep spirituality which blessed all.

She governed self with that "habitual goodness" which "is unceasing prayer." She shrank from thinking evil and refused to speak it. She loved music and flowers and the out-door world. She was always of good cheer, and might have said with Thomas Hood—"I resolved, that like the sun so long as my day lasted I should look on the bright side of everything."

Her faith was strong, her patience powerful, her hopefulness proverbial.

"Shall we thank God for the green summer, and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes the world so beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings we have known in it?"

MOSES DUNN—

Devotion to duty, the joy of obedience to the divine will, were notable characteristics of Mrs. Salter. She passed on in the journey of life with a growing energy manifest to all who saw the shadows lengthening upon her path. What else gave her that brighter smile so noticeable of late, and made her presence more cheery, and her devotion to her friends apparently greater? The harvest of her life was ripening, but she was destined to pass over the river before she could come into its full enjoyment. The pleasure of recalling the past was scarcely given her. She was in the midst of her work when suddenly called away. We will gather the fruits of her labor, and send them as sheaves of her harvest after her.

HON. CHARLES BEARDSLEY

Spoke of her work as so intertwined with that of her husband that they were essentially one in their lives and in the hearts of the community.

MISS HANNAH P. BEST

Recalled the time when she came to Burlington a stranger, and the hearty welcome Mrs. Salter gave her, and she enforced the lesson of her example to be always kind to strangers.

THOMAS HEDGE—

What has been said has brought to my mind the first instance of my meeting with Mrs. Salter; not the first time I met her, for I do not remember when I did not know her; she and her household have been so intimately connected with the life of my family for three generations that it seems almost as if they were a part of it. The first instance of her presence that I now recall was in the house just west of this, where she lived then, when we infants of the Sunday School were permitted to gaze upon and to receive among us a new comer, the little Mary.

I see no one here who looks younger than Mrs. Salter did on that day. This brave Massachusetts girl, born where the very air is full of traditions of self-denial, came to the far western country, more remote then than any civilized country is now, to find her home, and she brought with her a mind of great strength and a heart ever ready with sympathy for others. How she loved the Church, how she reached out her hand to the poor, how she brought in strangers, how she beautified that humble home of which I have spoken, and broadened and brightened the strait conditions of her pioneer dwelling, and how she built up a home that was ideal; where every blade of grass and every flower speaks of her taste and care, we are witnesses.

So identified was she with the common life and welfare of this people that we had come to regard her as a part of the frame of things, as an essential of our social order, and when the word of the disaster came we

felt as if a star whose life was to last forever had been blotted out. But as the days bring calmness, does it not seem that there is more to be thankful for in this memorial service than to sorrow for? As Mr. Donahue said, serving here she joined us with the past, now she joins us with the future, and she connects those of us who are getting along in life with a vastly greater force than we have felt before. It seems to me that the eclipse is only in our imagination, for she is a shining influence still, to be more and more our guide and inspiration as years roll on. She is nearer to us than she was ten days ago, and she will always be nearer and nearer. There are others whom we have loved and lost who are very near to us, nearer than ever before.

It seems to me that the way of her going was best, not in faintness or feebleness but in the fulness of her strength, her character full-rounded, worshipping the Lord in the beauty of holiness, following her Saviour never afar off, not only in the public service of the church, but in the daily round of common duty. And it seems to me that we who profess the Christian faith should feel comforted by the fact that her life proved the truth of the religion we profess, and we can believe that

“She was not, for God took her.”

LUKE PALMER, JR.—

I feel moved to add my tribute of respect and love to Mrs. Salter. There are no young children here to express their love and respect for her, and on their behalf I want to say a word. My recollections date back to some of the happiest hours of my childhood spent in her home. She delighted in giving pleasure to children. They loved to go there, and she made it pleasant for them in parlor, in dining-room, or in the garden. She had resources to give them pleasure which were not so common in many households, and it seemed one of the ruling principles of her life to make the children happy. I want to say that my childhood was made even more delightful than it would have otherwise been because of my intimacy with that family.

In later years I have learned to understand and realize the high motives and noble purpose which led her to live for the good of others.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE CHURCH—

WHEREAS, Mrs. Mary A. Salter, for forty-six years a member of this church, and the wife of its pastor, has been suddenly removed from our earthly fellowship, therefore

Resolved, 1. That in Mrs. Salter the church long recognized one of its most devoted, useful and beloved members, and in her death sustains an irreparable loss.

2. That while bowing in humble submission to this dispensation of divine Providence we express our profound gratitude that the church has so long had the benefit and blessing of Mrs. Salter's gracious presence, her wise counsel, and her inspiring example.

3. That in her life and work where every duty was so faithfully performed, Christianity was taught and illustrated in a way to commend it to the hearts and homes of the people. Of her it could have been truly said:

“She spreadeth out her hand to the poor,
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up, and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:
Many daughters have done virtuously,
But thou excellest them all.”

4. That we tender our sincere sympathy and affection to our beloved pastor and his family in the unspeakable affliction which has come to them in the loss of the one who has been the light and joy of their home, and an indispensable aid to him in his ministry; and express the hope that he may speedily recover from personal injuries and be spared yet many years to the church and community where he is so universally revered and loved.

5. That these resolutions be made a part of the permanent records of the church, and a copy sent to Dr. Salter.

MRS. C. L. BERRY,
MISS ELIZABETH A. RITCHIE,
CHARLES BEARDSLEY,
Committee.

The memorial services were characterized throughout by deep and tender feeling. Love opened the lips of many unaccustomed to speak in such meetings. It is hardly too much to say that while Dr. and Mrs. Salter are greatly beloved by the members of their own congregation, they are held in equal esteem by the members of all other churches and the community at large. Nearly a half a century of loving service has not been lost. The memory of it will be refreshing to the hearts of a multitude of people for many a long day to come.

—*The Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

THE LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY—

At a meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Congregational church, held on Wednesday, June 21, 1893, the following resolutions, offered by Mrs. E. D. Rand, were adopted:

WHEREAS, This society has been plunged into the deepest grief by the untimely and tragic death of its president, Mrs. William Salter, whose faithfulness we all know, therefore

Resolved, That we express our high appreciation of the strong and steady Christian character of our deceased sister, her kindness, her charity, her active sympathy with all forms of sorrow and suffering, and her devotion to the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad.

2. That in the death of Mrs. Salter, our Society, the church, and the community at large are deprived of the presence and loving companionship of one who adorned the sacred relations of wife, mother, sister and friend, and was one of the brightest ornaments of every circle in which she moved.

3. We know that our Heavenly Father doeth all things well, and we accept this sore bereavement as from His hand, rejoicing in the blessed hope of a reunion with our departed friend on the other shore. Meanwhile we shall cherish the recollection of our association with her in this society as one of the most precious of life's memories.

4. That we extend to our honored and beloved pastor and his family our tender sympathy with them in their great affliction, and the strong desire we have for his complete restoration to health and strength.

THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY—

Bowing in humble submission to the severe dispensation of Providence by which we were bereft, June 12, 1893, of our honored president, the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Congregational Church place on the records of the Society the following words to indicate our appreciation of her character and personal worth:

We feel that in the death of Mrs. Salter, for many years our president, we have lost one of our most efficient and faithful members, and the community has lost an earnest Christian worker.

We appreciate her devotion to the Society in the fact that she always felt the care of our literary and financial work, and her head and hands were ever ready to do the work others failed to do.

The sincere prayer of this Society is that the mantle of her faithfulness may fall upon each member, and greater devotion to the Missionary work both Home and Foreign be the result.

Sorrowing most of all that we shall see her face no more, what can we do but give thanks that for so many years she was associated with us, and that we have in the remembrance of all she was a priceless legacy and a rare example?

MRS. MARY A. MILLER,
MISS LAURA C. DERBY,
MISS HANNAH P. BEST,
Committee.

LETTERS.

MR. S. F. SMITH—

DAVENPORT, June 13, 1893.

Mrs. Smith and I have just heard of the sad accident which so suddenly removed your dear good wife to the better world. Our hearts are full of sympathy; we grieve with you in this your time of sorrow. How especially glad are we now of the little visit (on May 20th) with us of you and your dear wife, both of whom we love so much.

MR. J. C. BROEKSMIT AND MRS. LAURA SHAW BROEKSMIT—

CEDAR RAPIDS, June 14, 1893.

I wish that we could find words to express our deepest heartfelt sympathy with you in this hour of your trouble. But we have no words; we grope in the dark to find them; only there comes to us ever and anon that line of the hymn,

“God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.”

REV. ELIJAH P. SMITH—

MT. PLEASANT, June 14, 1893.

I am afflicted in the heavy bereavement which has so mysteriously fallen upon you. That your dear wife should have been removed by such a stroke so suddenly, is one of the unexpected providences. In the almost half-century of your wedded life, mutually sharing joy and sorrow, bearing each other's burdens, you have grown each into the other's heart till in the fullest sense you had become one. To have such a companion so suddenly snatched away makes the heartstrings bend.

MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION OF BURLINGTON—

REV. J. H. CULLER, Secretary.

BURLINGTON, June 19, 1893.

At a meeting of the Association held June 19th in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., resolutions were adopted expressing profound and heartfelt sympathy with the Rev. W. Salter in the affliction an all-wise Providence had permitted to fall upon his family in the shocking and instantaneous death of Mrs. Salter, that removed from the home a true and affectionate wife and mother, from the church a pure, intelligent and faithful worker, and from the community a bright and shining example of Christian life and character.

REV. GLEN A. TAYLOR—

STUART, June 19, 1893.

I want to express my deep sympathy in your loss. I remember with great pleasure my visits and calls at your home, your hospitality and kindness. Your home was an ideal of comfort and welcome to friend and stranger. I shall remember the gentle, genial ways of that home.

JAMES L. HILL, D. D.—

MEDFORD, MASS., June 19, 1893.

I have no words to express my sorrow and sympathy for you in your terrible grief. The blow falls on us as it does upon you. Iowa is bereaved. I think of you in your desolation and recall the text, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not." Let us remember that there are no dead. Mrs. Salter and my father and mother are not dead. Theirs is the land of the living.

REV. EDWIN B. TURNER—

OWEGO, TIOGA CO., N. Y., June 21, 1893.

How dreadful to be deprived of the dear companion in such a calamitous way! It seems greatly mysterious that one so necessary to your comfort, a helper so indispensable, and so essential to your happiness and success, should be ruthlessly snatched away from your side, without time for a parting word, not even to say adieu.

MRS. MARY S. LEONARD—

BURLINGTON, June 23, 1893.

It was with personal feelings of bereavement and deep sympathy that in my absence from home I noted the calamity that had fallen upon you. All that knew Mrs. Salter, as I did, feel that she has gone to that home above which she was so well fitted to enjoy, and where she will meet and hold converse with many dear ones gone before.

REV. CHARLES C. SALTER—

DULUTH, MINN., June 23, 1893.

Often lately am I asked if the sufferer at Burlington is a relative. I answer, Yes; by ties nearer than blood.

The sorrow is too great and too sacred for human help to offer other than a brother's hand. My tears fall for you, and yet I know the sacred joy you have in resting in the Father's love and waiting for the Father's call, when light will again kindle the dear face of her whose life made blessed the years of earth's home.

MRS. W. E. DERIEMER—

SOMANAUK, ILL., June 25, 1893.

I feel so sorry about Mrs. Salter's death that I cannot express it. She was so thoughtful and kind to me, as she was to everybody; always had a pleasant word and a loving smile. I met her last in Des Moines, looking so bright and pretty; she gave me such a cordial welcome.

When I read those few lines in the newspaper it stunned me for a moment, but as I think of it more I am glad she did not have to pass through weeks of weary suffering, but went out of the sunshine of a June day to the eternal sunshine of the heavenly home. I met many beautiful Christian women in Iowa, and felt honored by their friendship and fellowship in missionary meetings, but personally my warmest admiration went out toward Mrs. Salter. It must have been at a great sacrifice that a woman of her culture gave up her Eastern home for the

West, as you found it. How cheerfully she made the sacrifice! Her interest in Iowa always seemed so beautiful to me. Upon one heart her spirit has left its impression, and I know I am a better woman for the few years of friendship she gave me.

PROF. MILTON L. COMSTOCK AND WIFE—

GALESBURG, ILL., June 26, 1893.

We were inexpressibly shocked when we read in a paper of the accident, in which it was stated that Mrs. Salter was dead and Mr. Salter fatally injured. We were rejoiced to learn that the statement in regard to yourself was not true, but no such good news came in regard to Mrs. Salter. That loving and sincere spirit had indeed been called from her earthly friends to her eternal home. We learned to love her during that lonesome and fatal episode in our lives out on the prairie, and ever since as we met from time to time, we have been more fully impressed with the beauty of her character as the years passed by. Those are candid words of commemoration expressed by her friends at the "Memorial" meeting, and we wish you to believe that they do not overstate our own feelings.

MR. & MRS. T. D. CROCKER—

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 26, 1893.

To say our heart's truest sympathies go out towards you cannot express what we feel in this hour of your sorrow; words are inadequate.

We know the beloved wife and mother is in a brighter home; truly had she earned the "Well done!" We too can join in her praise, and echo the sentiments of love, for she was very dear to us when we as strangers sought friendship, and years of absence have but strengthened the tie.

MRS. ALMIRA W. FROTHINGHAM TO W. MACKINTIRE SALTER—

Dear Cousin William:

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 26, 1893.

I thank you very much for sending the paper containing the account of the dreadful accident which has taken from you your beloved mother. I was shocked when its tidings came to me as I know how much she was to you all. God took her, and to her "sudden death was sudden glory."*

MRS. JAMES MORTON—

OMAHA, NEB., June 27, 1893.

Words are inadequate to express our sorrow in the sore bereavement that you and all with whom she has been associated have sustained in the death of so noble, true and loving a woman. She was all and more than this to those who for many years have been permitted to call her friend. I think that in the future there will be comfort for you in the manner of her death, no pain, no parting from loved ones, but simply a translation from earth to heaven. I grieve for you and your loneliness; but for her how sweet the rest!

*Mrs. Frothingham died by a sudden accident a few weeks later, by a fall from a piazza at Falmouth, Mass., July 30, 1893.

JOHN P. GULLIVER, D. D.—

ANDOVER, MASS., June 28, 1893.

My dear friend of the former days: The first news of your loss came to me without any particulars. Only yesterday a member of my family found the shocking story in the *Congregationalist*. It comes to me when my own loss has become a constant memory, and the sense of it has grown into my life, and mingles with every experience and emotion I have. I know the keenness of your anguish, and how your life will be changed; I might say darkened, and it would be true, or I might say glorified, and that would be true. It certainly will be spiritualized. The dear one who has been for almost half a century a part of your daily life will not leave you now. I never was so conscious of the companionship of my wife as during the past year. She has come with my Saviour and my children and my mother and a great cloud of witnesses beside. I seem already dwelling among the spirits made perfect.

As you will remember, I count Mary Ann Mackintire among my earliest friends, as well as her father and mother. Her sweet placid girlhood has been followed by a strong and useful womanhood. Memories of her acts and words pass through my mind like the vision of a river which is too deep for sound or foam. The thought of her has always brought a sense of repose and helpfulness. She will wait for you, and meanwhile you may feel justified in believing as I allow myself to do that she is a ministering spirit, making your life richer and stronger and happier.

I hardly know how to reach your son William for whom I have the warmest respect and affection. I wish I could express to him my sympathy. With all the old interest and love I am your friend.

Dr. Gulliver died January 25, 1894.

REV. A. J. VAN WAGNER—

CRESTON, June, 1893.

Mrs. Salter was a lady of culture, refinement, and beautiful spirituality. She adorned her station. The sick, the poor, the troubled, the bereaved found in her a friend. She was a tower of strength and perpetual joy to her husband. In an instant she exchanged earth for the heavenly land. Her life and deeds will mould and bless others for years to come, while her influence and name will never die in that beautiful Iowa city she called home. We are glad of this privilege of placing a simple flower upon her grave. Little did we think as we took her hand and gazed into her smiling face a few days since, that it was the last time.

—*The Castalian*.

HARVEY ADAMS, D. D.—

NEW HAMPTON, JUNE 29, 1893.

Eleven days after the death of Mrs. Salter, my wife left for the home above. The day before she died the cloud was lifted considerably, and her end was peace. The *Post Mortem* disclosed fatty degeneration of the heart and softening of the brain. I shall make no comments except to

say that my experience for the last few months has deeply impressed me with the impossibility of human words adequately to set forth such experiences as yours and mine. This is all I will now say on this subject.

GEORGE F. MAGOUN, D. D.—

ST. IGNACE, MICH., June 29, 1893.

Coming through Chicago to this old French town on the Straits, I heard the rumor of your fearful accident. To-day a *Hawk-Eye* has been forwarded to me from Grinnell. With it came a message from my dear wife at Longmeadow, Mass., to be with her as soon as possible. I have no time to say what it was in my heart to say to you, snatched from the grave that has received your beloved and true wife, before this summons came from mine. So placid has been your life since I first knew you as a Home Missionary at Maquoketa, it is almost incredible that the separation has come so suddenly and in so tragic a manner. I cannot think of one so calm and composed as Mrs. Salter taken from the living by such a shock. But our Father holds us all in the hollow of His hand and though there are sore accidents, and one of His trees may fall on us yet "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without Him." I can never think of nature as assailing us, "red in tooth and claw," so long as His loving moral government lasts, or of a catastrophe "happening," as we say, outside that rule of His; and what is there for you or me but to accept His sovereign permissive will, and love and trust?

I leave at once for New England. But we shall bear you on our hearts, as Mrs. Magoun's letters show she does, in constant and tender sympathy.

MRS. CAROLINE S. DELGADO—

CRIPTANA, SPAIN, July 5, 1893.

I must tell you, my dear cousin, that though we are separated so many leagues, in heart I am with you in this time of sore trial. May God give you strength to bear what seems such a very cruel separation! But Mary Ann had no pain. If she had the fear of a moment, I am sure it was for you and her lady friends, she was always so unselfish. Gentle and good and kind and true is her face in my pictures, and I am proud and glad that you have been so united and so happy nearly fifty years. I have always been sorry not to know your boys. How they will miss their mother's gentle letters!

MRS. M. W. GAYLORD—

OMAHA, NEB., July 10, 1893.

Your friends have been almost overwhelmed by the sudden stroke which deprived you of the one with whom you had walked the pathway of life so many years. But is there not some consolation in the thought that she escaped a long and painful illness such as carries many slowly but surely down to the grave after great suffering? Mrs. Salter was strong in Christian character, strong intellectually, and in the self-denial

she practiced in the many departments of work to which she gave time, thought and prayer. But the mansion in her Father's house had been prepared, and was ready for her, and the chariot was waiting to take her there; but no human eye could see it.

MRS. MARY J. PECK—

295 CROWN ST., NEW HAVEN, CT., July 23, 1893.

I was away from home when the news of Mrs. Salter's death came. I could not be reconciled that her death should occur in such a sad way. You will have our deep sympathy. I know she will be missed in the community, as well as in her home, where she has been so long a faithful friend to many who had learned to love her for her true self. I shall never forget what a friend and benefactor she was to me when I was a stranger in a strange land. The many things she did can never be told; little by little done for Christ's sake goes a great ways. She has received her reward; she is with her God whom she faithfully honored.

REV. MOSES K. CROSS—

WATERLOO, August 22, 1893.

The bereavement will not be easily outgrown, or so far mastered as to set you back where life will seem as before that fateful day. But you may yet be peaceful and even cheerful. I still miss and long for "a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," but am most of the time cheerful and comfortable for one of my age, almost eighty-one.

That last meeting at Muscatine when your wife was full of life, and we all met at the table and elsewhere in so friendly a way, is remembered with much interest.

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be?"

"So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

JOHN C. HOLBROOK, D. D.—

OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 9, 1893.

I need not repeat again the deep sympathy which both my wife and I experience with you in the affliction you have suffered in the sudden death of the wife of your youth. But you must regard it as a signal blessing to have been so long associated with so noble a woman. It happens comparatively rarely that husband and wife are spared to each other for nearly half a century, and to miss the presence of one so near and dear must be trying indeed.

JAMES D. BUTLER, L. L. D.—

MADISON, WISCONSIN, September 9, 1893.

But for many strange accidents you would have heard from me much sooner. I have been absent all summer on Lake Superior, where three of my children live, or on Minnetonka, or at the Great Fair. Coming home last night more exhausted than ever in world-circling, this is the first letter I write.

"One taken; the other left," is my thought not only regarding you, but myself, when I recall our long congenial life beneath the same roof with the dear departed, as well as my wanderings in seeming peril, and her abode seemingly safe from the swift illapse of accident disastrous.

Though it is nigh a score of years since I dwelt with you, I often recall Mrs. Salter's face as one of the few where the Holy Dove might be said to sit visibly brooding,—foregleams of the body enskied and sainted when soul gives form and shall the body make.

REV. L. F. BERRY—

OTTUMWA, IOWA, September 11, 1893.

The moment I heard of the accident my mind went quickly back to that bright evening at Muscatine when I last saw you and Mrs. Salter together, both so happy, and with such promise of a ripened age together. I recall with peculiar pleasure my acquaintance with Mrs. Salter in her home, and the happy grace with which she presided over that household. She seemed nobly gifted and graciously prepared for the large place she filled in church and society, and especially so for the home life of which she was the centre.

LYMAN WHITING, D. D.—

SUNNYBANK MANSE, EAST CHARLEMONT, MASS., Sept. 15, 1893.

Such an appalling bereavement almost insulates a man. It so separates him from the "common lot" experience that he feels as if parted from his race under a diverse mode of Providence. You spared; she taken! What inscrutable mystery of dealing!

I once tested your now sainted wife's hospitality. I came up the river on a Saturday evening, and wanted to tarry sole in your city; you were gone on an exchange with the Rev. Mr. Pickett, afterwards killed in the mountains; I called at your home; your wife insisted against my stay at a hotel and I was her guest through the Sabbath, preaching part of the day. I still cherish her very tones in the insistence.

MRS. LUCRETIA H. KENDALL—

CONCORD, N. H., January 10, 1894.

The memory of Mrs. Salter's lovely character and long, useful and beautiful life is unspeakably precious. When a member of our class (1844) at Bradford Academy, she was known and read of all as a follower of Christ, faithful in every duty, great or small. She was a good student, a fair scholar, not brilliant as were two or three who left the world early,

before they had much opportunity to use their talent for others. She was reserved, dignified in bearing, and grave, markedly so as compared with most of the class, and more so, I apprehend, than in later years; while perhaps with some of us the reverse was true; I mean that she became more cheerful and hopeful.

It was indeed a strange and mysterious providence that took from you such a wife in such a way; to her only a translation. I hardly know which is the harder to part from; one with whom we have long companied, or from one* on whom our earthly hopes were all based. We can rest in this only,—“God knows best.” I am sure you find consolation in this.

*Mrs. Kendall's only son, Professor of Modern Languages in Williams College, Mass., died November 22, 1893, at Las Cruces, New Mexico.

MRS. CAROLYN TURNER—

BURLINGTON, April 7, 1894.

I feel lost for words to express the treasured memories my heart holds for this noble woman. During a close acquaintance of more than a quarter of a century, to know her has been to honor, love, and revere her. Winsome and gracious in presence, with marked strength of spirit, she let no opportunity pass of rendering service to a friend. Interested in all things human, and not least of all in God's sorrowing children, she was lovely in every characteristic that ennobles life. It is worth the sorrows of a life-time to have known one such loving heart and enjoyed one such friendship.

In “*Daguerreotypes of Bradford Class of 1844*,” written by one of the class, Dec. 1852, Miss Ada R. Parker wrote:

“On the banks of the Mississippi, neath the roof of a busy dwelling, sits the good deacon's daughter. A child of three summers plays at her feet, and beside her stands her husband. Tell it not in Gath, my friend, but she is proud of him; for even parsons' wives are not always perfect. But a noble destiny is hers, who has left kindred and a precious New England home for a work of love in that far-off valley. It may be that loving hearts are sometimes yearning to win her to their paths again, but call her not back. There let her live and labor in that mighty vineyard; there let her die. And when the “Father of waters” shall chant her requiem, may its own busy memories awaken the thought that she too was not an idler, that she did not live in vain.

“How beautiful it is for one to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put one's armor off, and rest in heaven!”

SERMON

The Forty-seventh Anniversary of her Marriage

PREACHED AUGUST 27, 1893.

Proverbs XXXI. 28. Her husband also, and he praiseth her.

The love of goodness and the praise of goodness are among the highest duties of life. To be a lover of good men is made in holy writ an essential qualification of a Christian minister. It is what we love and talk about, it is what we celebrate and delight in, that forms character and determines destiny. Unless you love goodness, unless it gives you joy and gladness to see it exemplified in the lives of good people, unless you prefer it before riches or station, yea, unless you have it in your heart above all things to love the Lord because He is good, and to praise Him for His goodness, it is impossible for you to be yourself good. The goodness of God is the foundation of religion, and the ground of faith and of hope for the life that now is and for that which is to come. There are, indeed, things that are dark and mysterious in the order of the universe; but the darkness and the mystery are in our ignorance, in our want of intelligence and comprehension, so that it is the province of faith to be triumphant over doubt and fear, and to believe with holy writ "that the goodness of God endureth continually." Therefore, in every scene, in every event, in sorrow, in trial, in anguish, when the cross is heaviest and the iron enters the soul, it becomes us to trust the Lord, and stay ourselves upon the promise, that neither death nor any occurrence shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord,

Now, the Eternal Goodness, the goodness of the Creator, though vast and incomprehensible in scope and measure, is in its essential nature the proper rule and model for those of His creatures whom He has been pleased to make in His image and after His likeness. When God breathed into man the breath of reason and conscious intelligence, when He wrote upon his mind and put into his make and constitution the laws of righteousness and truth, the obligation arose upon the part of man to obey those laws, and to become like his Creator. To be good and to do good, to love the good and to labor for it as the proper business and work of life, is the whole duty of man. They who thus live blend and identify themselves with the Eternal Goodness. They become of the family of God; they are His children, and His Name is in their foreheads. The stamp of Heaven often appears upon their countenances, and sometimes there is a divine impressiveness in their words and actions. God Himself says to them "Ye are my witnesses," and He is not

ashamed to be called their God. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up my jewels." Our Saviour gives the same assurance as He tells us of their welcome in the heavenly places where He shall say to those who have filled up their lives with goodness, "Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Thus honored of the Lord, and thus welcomed in the heavens, it is fit and becoming that the good who have served God and their generation according to His will should receive tributes of honor and praise upon earth. Accordingly the Holy Scriptures not only declare and exhibit the goodness of the Lord, but also make honorable mention of faithful and good men, and of faithful and good women, whose lives have been ordered after the holy laws, and been full of mercy and good fruits. We imitate the sacred writers not only when we speak good of the Lord, but also when we speak good of men of integrity and virtue, when we praise the loving and true hearted, and give eulogy and encomium to the righteous dead. They who spangle and shine in goodness are the chief attestation and glory of God upon earth, who is never more honored than in tributes of respect and affection to those who have lived holily and justly and unblamably. The long roll of worthies in the 11th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is one of the most inspiring portions of the Bible. It has animated the faithful in every age to diligence and devotion with the assurance that they, too, shall come to the general assembly and church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. The elegant eulogy in the last chapter of the Book of Proverbs, of the superior woman whose life was crowned with social and domestic virtue, and with serene piety, warrants similar commendation for every woman who exemplifies in her life the same principles and the same virtues. The miracles of Divine grace and mercy continue. God has still his faithful ones; and we are witnesses that piety and goodness belong not only to remote times and ancient records, but exist in our day as truly as in any former period.

The kind and tender and beautiful and just tributes that were paid in this church to the life and character of Mrs. Salter immediately upon her death are remembered with grateful appreciation and will be cherished forever in the hearts of those nearest and dearest to her. They make further encomium unnecessary, but the personal relations of half a century may justify upon this occasion some additional words in loving memory.

Our acquaintance commenced half a century ago this summer, when she was in her nineteenth year, that period of life when the heart beats high with hope and fond anticipation, and nothing seems hard or impossible to youthful zeal and endeavor. The care and training of a pious home, the culture of good schools, both private and public, and the spirit of Christian activity and enterprise in the church of which she became a member in her sixteenth year, had formed her character to a superior measure of intelligence, and given her an enlarged interest

in all that pertains to the cause of Christ, the progress of human society, and the advancement of the world. That life had a mission of usefulness and service for every person who would seek and pursue it, that life may be clothed with a rich meaning and with a serene satisfaction beyond the dreams of youthful romance by simple devotion to the duties of one's place and sphere, was a thought imbedded and ingrained with religious conviction in her mind. She had inherited the sentiment from her ancestors, and believed that the Godhead's most benignant grace comes with devotion to the right, the true and the good; that pure and lasting pleasure is only virtue's gayer name.

The planting of education and religion in the new states and territories was at that period engaging the special attention of Christian people. The Territory of Iowa was then the latest that had been organized, and, although upon the outskirts of civilization, there were those at that time who perceived its advantages of soil and situation and climate for making a great state and becoming the home of a great people, and the tide of emigration was turning thither. "What a field," said some, "for Christian service and consecration! Where in the world is a finer opportunity to lay broad foundations for building up the kingdom of God and the advancement of the gospel?"

The openings for Christian work in other parts of the world were not hidden from one whose supreme desire was to make life a divine service. A venerable Nestorian bishop told her of his ancient people in the heart of Asia, and plead for their better instruction in the right ways of the Lord. The claims of India and the Islands of the Pacific were spread out before her as some of her friends were seeking their life mission in those far away lands. And the question also arose whether there was not work enough for Christ remaining to be done in the New England home-land to employ the highest measure of devotion.

There were prayerful hours for divine guidance and protection until it came about in the order of a gracious providence that the question was settled in favor of the Territory of Iowa as a field for life's work, and on the 25th day of August, 1846, she joined her heart and hand to a humble laborer in this field, and thenceforth she pursued her mission with uniform constancy and devotion for nearly forty-seven years in the home she made, and in the church, and in this city, always intent to promote and diffuse the grace of salvation, the beauty of holiness, and whatever things tend to ennoble and bless the world. In the different spheres and relations she was called to move, she gained the art of balancing and adjusting the many demands that were made upon her time and care, and whether in her home, or in the church, or in the social circle, or in the help of mission work at home or abroad, she had it upon her conscience to respond to every call of duty and fulfil all charity and all righteousness. With her, duties were not allowed to clash or jostle one another, but by method and order she made herself equal to every situation and every engagement, and always keeping her mind open to light and truth, and welcoming better knowledge, she realized

The perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 A being, breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

—*Wordsworth.*

And so the years wore on, adding grace and strength to her character and bringing a serene evening to life. With advancing age the cheer and vigor of youthful bloom returned, surviving all experiences of trial and trouble and sorrow and pain; and we thanked the God who made us, that He had "wrought two spirits to one equal mind, with blessings beyond hope or thought, with blessings which no words can find." To the last her joy and happiness was never greater in life, in each day's duties and cares, in the common round, in the familiar task. Her health was better than in some former years; her spirits were never more cheerful. Her heart never beat more warmly for every sacred cause; her hands were never more ready for every good work. We thought of her as more than ever fitting the sphere in which she shone. It seemed to mortal eyes as if future years in the home of her love and in the church on earth, were to be crowned with added usefulness and honor.

No one, however, had reflected more seriously upon the nature of human life as fleeting and uncertain, as fast and sometimes swiftly vanishing away. While conscientiously thoughtful and provident for the morrow, she never presumed upon it. She knew that some day she must leave the fond scenes in which we had for so long taken sweet counsel together and gone to the house of God in company. And equally clear was her assurance that to go out of this world is only to go into another, to enter new scenes and associations and a higher life of service to heaven's eternal King. To her death was no unwelcome subject, but the theme of frequent meditation, not as the king of terrors, but as the angel of noiseless wing that unlocks the prison of the flesh, and bears the ransomed soul above, where the mind gains a wider vision, expatiates in clearer light, expands in a purer social air, and finds more perfect repose upon the bosom of God. She knew that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap, that as in earth and time, so beyond earth and time, in every conceivable condition of existence, the future is the child of the past, that the life of heaven springs from the life of earth, that death hides from mortal view, but cannot break the continuity of thought and memory in the emancipated spirit; that the love of God

and the love of goodness animates the pious mind wherever it goes, and though it may soar to nobler heights than mortals know, yet, sometimes the memory may recall earthly scenes, and the soaring spirit perchance be sent again to minister counsel and cheer to the weary and perplexed. However this may be, her heart was full of affection and tenderness and loving service to the last earthly moment, and she carried with her the same gracious nature to the world into which she has gone. Death makes no disruption of love and sympathy. The mind still thinks; the heart loves; the righteous and holy are righteous and holy still. Death changes the scene in which we move, not the character which we have formed.

From her youth up it was her wont to cull from her reading the purest and finest sentiments she met with. Sometimes she would copy them into a book, or she would keep them by her side, or carry them with her for meditation and reflection. With her at the time of her death were the lines of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, familiar to her from youth, bidding us

"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams—"

and also the lines entitled "One of Us Two." I take them just as she carried them with her on that *fateful* day—as we say of it for ourselves, from our earthly point of view—that day of translation and glory to her spirit,

"All warning spared,
For none is needed where hearts are for prompt change prepared."

"ONE OF US TWO."

The day will dawn when one of us shall hearken
In vain to hear a voice that has grown dumb,
And moons will fade, moons pale, and shadows darken,
While sad eyes watch for feet that never come.

One of us two must some time face existence
Alone with memories that sharpen pain,
And these sweet days shall shine back in the distance
Like dreams of summer dawns in nights of rain.

One of us two, with tortured heart half broken,
Shall read long treasured letters through salt tears,
Shall kiss with anguished lips each cherished token
That speaks of those love-crowned delicious years.

One of us two shall find all light, all beauty,
All joy on earth a tale forever done;
Shall know henceforth that life means only duty,
O God! O God! have pity on that one.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FAMILY HISTORY.

Her parents were ELIAB PARKER MACKINTIRE and MARY (TUFTS) MACKINTIRE. She attended Miss Kettell's school in Charlestown from her fourth to her twelfth year, after which she was a pupil in the Harvard School, Charlestown, for three years; in 1840 she attended the "Temple School," held in the Masonic Temple, Boston, Charles E. Abbott, Principal; in April, 1841, she went to the Academy at Bradford, Mass., where she pursued the full course of study, and graduated in the class of 1844.

She was married to Rev. William Salter, pastor of the Congregational Church of Burlington, Iowa, August 25, 1846, at noon, in the Winthrop Church, Charlestown, by the pastor of that Church, the Rev. John Humphrey, and came the following month to her new home.

CHILDREN:

MARY TUFTS, born Feb. 4, 1849; student in Denmark Academy, 1863; died Nov. 5, 1864. She said the day before her death: "You know I shall be happy, Mother."

"How blest is she whose transient years
Passed like an evening meteor's flight,
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears,
Whose course was short, unclouded, bright."

WILLIAM MACKINTIRE, born Jan. 30, 1853; Knox College, Ill., 1871; Divinity School of Yale College, 1872-3, of Harvard University, 1876; married Miss Mary Sherwin Gibbens, Dec. 2, 1885. Their daughter, Eliza Webb, born in Chicago, Jan. 20, 1888, died Dec. 2, 1889.

SUMNER, born June 24, 1856; Amherst College, Mass., 1877; married Miss Mary E. Turner, May 26, 1881. Their children are:

WINTHROP, born June 10, 1883, in Syracuse, N. Y.

HAROLD, born April 10, 1886, in Atlanta, Georgia.

EDITH, born Feb. 1, 1891, in New York City.

GEORGE BENJAMIN, born Dec. 25, 1861; married Mrs. Mary Tuttle Stocker, Oct. 17, 1893.

CHARLES FREDERICK, born Dec. 25, 1861, died March 23, 1863.

"The Lord broke into our fold, and took our little lamb, the best of us all."

§ 1—ON HER FATHER'S SIDE.

The MACKINTIRE family (variously spelt Mackentier, McIntire, Macingtyre) were among the early settlers of Reading, Mass., from 1644 to 1680.

JONATHAN, born in Middleton, Essex Co., was a soldier in the French and Indian war, 1754-9, in Capt. William Flint's Company, Col. Ichabod Plaistow's regiment. His powder-horn marked with his name, "June 3, 1756, in camp at Half Moon," was well preserved in 1849. He had a farm in Burlington, Middlesex Co., Mass., which remained for a century in possession of the family. He and his wife were dismissed from the Second Church in Reading, and admitted to the Church in Burlington, Mass., Nov. 27, 1768. Their children were:

Deborah, born April 3, 1758.

Mehitable, born June 6, 1761, died Dec. 26, 1790.

JOSEPH, born July 13, 1763, died March 16, 1813.

Adah, born July 7, 1766.

His first wife died May 18, 1769. He died August 18, 1810, aged 92 years, 5 months. His second wife died March 28, 1812, aged 67.

JOSEPH married Dec. 17, 1789, SARAH, daughter of WILLIAM and MARY (HERRICK) WHITTREDGE. The first husband of MARY HERRICK was —Ellingwood; they had one son. WILLIAM WHITTREDGE died March 16, 1804, aged 67; his wife died Feb. 15, 1820. Their children were:

SARAH, born 1763, died Nov. 30, 1848.

William, born 1765, died Oct. 30, 1820; his wife, Hannah Flint, died May 9, 1853, aged 68 years.

Polly, born 1769, married Eliab Parker, who died April 24, 1806, aged 37. Their son, Eliab Parker, Jr., was one of the selectmen of Reading, Mass., 1827, 1833-4, and one of the Vice Presidents at the Bi-Centennial of Reading, 1844; E. P. Mackintire said of him at the time of his death, Jan. 26, 1850: "He was in every respect a most estimable man. I have been more intimate and more attached to Capt. Parker than to any other of my relatives."

Lydia, born 1771, died Jan. 24, 1852.

Daniel, born 1779, died May 17, 1800

Children of JOSEPH and SARAH MCINTIRE:

Daniel, born Aug. 6, 1790, died July 14, 1852.

George, born March 20, 1792, died March 22, 1851.

Sarah, born Sept. 28, 1793, died Oct. 20, 1793.

Joseph, born Sept. 14, 1794, died July 17, 1821.

ELIAB PARKER, born Aug. 31, 1797; married MARY TUFTS, Feb. 20, 1822; died Feb. 3, 1864. A sketch of his life and character is in the Congregational Quarterly, April, 1864, p. 204.

Charles, born July 19, 1799, died Feb. 3, 1878.

Jesse, born March 7, 1801, died July 22, 1801.

§ 2—ON HER MOTHER'S SIDE.

Her mother, MARY MACKINTIRE, born in Charlestown, Mass., May 4, 1797, died Dec. 20, 1860, was the sixth of eleven children of AMOS and DEBORAH (FROTHINGHAM) TUFTS, and of the fifth generation from PETER TUFTS, who was born in England (probably in Maldon, Essex), in 1617; immigrated to Medford, Mass., in 1638; kept the "Penny Ferry" where Malden Bridge now stands; bought 200 acres of land in Charlestown in 1664; died in Malden, Mass., May 13, 1700.

The line of descent is:

1—JOHN, born 1665, died 1728.

2—PETER, born 1696, married Lydia Buckman, died Dec. 5, 1766.

3—NATHAN, born May 14, 1721; moved to Charlestown, Mass.; died Dec. 21, 1771.

4—AMOS, born July 30, 1762; married DEBORAH FROTHINGHAM, Aug. 17, 1786; died Nov. 26, 1839. She died March 24, 1843.

DEBORAH FROTHINGHAM, born in Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 25, 1766, was the seventh child of JOSEPH and DEBORAH (RAND) FROTHINGHAM, and of the fifth generation from WILLIAM FROTHINGHAM, who came from Yorkshire, England, in 1630, and was of the original twelve members of the First Church in Charlestown, in which "three of his posterity have successively borne the office of Deacon." He died Oct. 10, 1651.

The line of descent is:

1—NATHANIEL.

2—NATHANIEL.

3—NATHANIEL.

4—JOSEPH; married DEBORAH RAND, Dec. 14, 1752. She was received into the First Church, Charlestown, Aug. 19, 1753; he died Sept. 21, 1787, aged 64; She died Nov. 4, 1802, aged 73.

June 12, 1893.

Thou arosest to tread
In the summer morning the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden.

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force
Surely has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly represses the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half open-eyes
Tread the border-land dim
Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succorest!— this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

If in the paths of the world
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone;
Pure souls honored and blest
By former ages, who else
Seemed but a dream of the heart.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

—From "Rugby Chapel," by Matthew Arnold,
on the death of his father, Thomas Arnold,
who died suddenly, June 12, 1842.

